

Some Women Come and Sit But Never Court

BY DOROTHY DIX.

I have received a letter from an irate young woman who says: "What do you think of a man who takes up five years of a girl's time, coming to see her nearly every night, taking her to places, monopolizing her society, leading everybody to think that they are engaged when he's never so much as popped the question to her, and then goes away to live in another city without even saying good-bye?"

I think that the man is a cad and a social dead-beat. But I think any girl who lets herself be treated that way is silly. She ought not to be permitted to go around without a guardian. She should be locked up in an asylum for the feeble-minded.

There is no more difficult problem that girls have to face than that of what to do about the man who comes steady company, but who shows no sign of offering to become a steady support as a husband—one of the men who, as a kindly old woman once said to me, "Come and sit, and sit, but never court."

Every community, and in every grade of society, there are dozens of men who are professional beaux, so to speak, but who have no intention of burdening themselves with a wife. They like feminine society, and evening after evening they go to the theatre, the concert, the fire in winter, or the coolest chair by the window in summer, in some woman's company. Women smile upon them, and devote themselves to entertaining them, but it is love's labor lost. Such a man never makes good. He is simply a social grafter, a love pirate, who makes his women friends' houses serve him as a club, and often at great expense without having to pay the price.

Of course if a middle-aged woman chooses to allow herself to be thus treated, she is her own mistress. But if she is a young girl who does not know how to protect herself, and is not aware even of the danger she runs in permitting a man to monopolize her, who is merely amusing himself. Many a young girl's life is blighted by one of these conscienceless scamps, who leads everybody to believe that he is engaged to her, and then calmly drops out of the girl's train, and turns his fatal attention to some other young woman.

Nor is that the worst of it. Such men are frequently extremely fascinating, and they not only take up a girl's time, but they fill her heart so that there is no room in it for the honest man who may love her, and whom she might have loved, if it had not been for the man whose attention was without intention.

Of course in discussing this question of a man's attention to a girl, one must keep within the bounds of reason. A man can't be expected to propose to a woman the first time he calls upon her, nor would she desire it, but no honorable man should make his attention a continuous performance unless he means business. In sporting romance he should put up or shut up after he has been visiting a girl for a few months. He should remember that youth is a girl's harvest time, and that he has no right to expect her to waste it upon him.

As for the girls, they should reflect that if we don't look after our own interests, someone else is going to look after them for us, and after they have given a man a fair show, if he doesn't come across with a wedding ring, they should gently and quietly but firmly freeze him out.

There should be a time limit on courtship, and every man should file a declaration of intentions with his intentions.

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What's In a Name?

BY MILDRED MARSHALL.

Facts about your name, its history, its meaning, whence it was derived, its significance, your lucky day and lucky jewel.

CORNELIA.

Fortunate is she who bears the name of Cornelia, which through the centuries has been a symbol of all that is beautiful and reverent in motherhood. Not only has Cornelia a heritage worthy of an empress, coming as she does from the distinguished old Roman gens of Cornelia, but her memory is immortalized by Latin legend, which makes her the mother of the Gracchi and the heroine of one of the most beautiful tributes to motherhood.

Some etymologists endeavor to trace Cornelia back to the two words cornu bell, meaning a war horn, but the consensus of opinion that she had no existence previous to the first woman called Cornelia, who was the daughter of Publius Cornelius Scipio Africanus L., and the mother of the Gracchi. She seems to have inherited from her gallant warrior father a spirit of pure, lofty dignity which made her the highest type of Roman motherhood.

When, according to the legend, the mothers of the most fashionable circle of Roman society were gossiping over the education and civility of each other's children, Cornelia alone had no glittering display. But, summoning a slave, she had her 12 beautiful children brought in, and, laying her hands on the shoulders of the Gracchi, said proudly: "These are my jewels."

These great historians of ancient Rome have carefully recorded the incident making Cornelia superior to all the noble Roman ladies of their time.

Cornelia's popularity as a feminine name throughout Europe is due to the monsignor Pope Cornelia, who, relying on the authority of the Countess de Kew, Nelson is a Dutch rendition of Cornelia.

But though Cornelia's jewels may have been her children, she had a talismanic stone, the turquoise. It is said to protect its wearer from the danger attendant upon travelers and to bring them good fortune when they see the new moon reflected on its surface. Such a lucky number, Holly, signifying forthright, is her flower.

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ORGANDIE NECKWEAR IS DOMINANT TRIMMING NOTE ON SPRING FROCKS



It is remarkable what a bit of crisp, dainty organdie can do for a frock or suit. It can make the old suit look new and the new suit irresistible. Here is a smart and very youthful style which is destined more for the frock or the very juvenile Eton effect. The collar is in Buster Brown effect with a double plaid ruffle hemstitched on. The cuffs are rather unusual in design and the tie on dainty black satin bows.

Organdie is a dominant note now in the South, not only for collar and cuffs, but for frocks, flowers, scarfs and the hat.

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

BY HELEN ROWLAND.

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Alan! All that energy, ingenuity and indomitable purpose which a man once devoted to making a fortune now seem to be concentrated on trying to make something with a "kick" in it.

Nothing will carry a man so far away from a woman as a new train of thought—started by the signal in another woman's eyes.

Every man possesses at least three personalities. The dashing devil, he thinks he is; the busy, commonplace being he really is, and the noble hero (or the helpless blundering babe) which some woman thinks he is.

The average girl's idea of "making a happy home for some man" seems to consist in a hazy vision of perfume, his blunder, scrubbing his old pipe and covering his college pillows with rose-pink silk.

When your rival is a beautiful woman, you always have a chance to win; but when a plain woman fascinates the man you have set your heart on, she holds him with firmer bonds than a curl and a baby ribbon, and you need more than a Ojila board to help you.

A man first snatches a woman's kisses, then pleads for them, then demands them, then takes them, then accepts them—and then permits them.

Men have loved one another well enough to share their last crust of bread, their last pipe-full of tobacco, their last "reserve bottle" of wine, and even the same woman's smiles—but never well enough to share the same auto-mobility.

If husbands and wives would remember that they are merely connected by marriage, and not closely enough related to be insulting to one another, they might cultivate a little more politeness before breakfast.

Domestic reciprocity: I'll put the studs in your shirt, if you'll powder my back.

IS THEDA MARRIED?

Maybe she has, and again, maybe she hasn't, but at any rate from Pittsburgh comes a rumor that Theda Bara, queen of the screen vampires, has committed matrimony. Tom Bodkin, once manager for Frank Moran, pugilist, and now manager of "The Sweetheart" is said to be the vamped bridegroom.

The wedding, it is said, took place in a Catholic church in that city a week ago, but the facts have just been announced. Miss Bara owns a half interest in the production which Bodkin manages.

SARAH'S SQUANDERINGS.

In Concord, N. H., they tell of an old chap who made his wife a cash account. Each week he would go over it, growing and grumbling. On one such occasion he delivered himself of the following:

"Look here, Sarah, mustard plasters, 50 cents; three teeth extracted, \$2. There's 50 in one week's cost for your own private pleasure. Do you think I am made of money?"

UNCLE WIGGILY BELTIME STORY

UNCLE WIGGILY AND SAMMIE'S CAVE.

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BY HOWARD R. GARIS.

"Hi there, Little! Wait a minute, Johnnie!"

Sammie Little, the boy rabbit, called this to the two Bushytail squirrels, who were sitting on a tree limb out of the hollow stump school to school.

"What's the matter?" asked Billie, as he brushed some snow off his coat with his big tail, which was almost as large as his broom. "Have you any more of those cookies left that Nurse Jane Puzzy Wuzzy baked for you?"

"No more cookies," I had," answered Sammie. "We ate them all up at recess. But I know how we can have some dandy fun!"

"How?" asked Johnnie, making a little snowball in his paws and throwing it. "I saw it yesterday, when I grabbed up a paw full of snow to make believe wash my sister Susie's nose. There was a hole in the snow, and I made the hole bigger and then I went in and there was a regular cave in the side of the hill."

"Maybe it's the cave where Mr. Stub-tail, the bear gentleman, sleeps," said Johnnie.

"No, it's an empty cave—a big hole in the side of a hill," went on Sammie. "We can go there, take some things to eat and make believe we're camping out."

"It's too cold for camping out," said Billie.

"Oh, it is not!" cried Sammie. "All three of us have warm coats of fur. Besides, we can make a little fire in the cave if we get too cold. Come on, we'll ask Nurse Jane for some turnip cookies or some carrot bread with lettuce jam on, and we'll go to the cave and have fun."

"I'd like a little lickery nut marmalade on my bread," spoke Billie.

"Yes, that's what we squirrels like," chattered his brother Johnnie.

"Well, I guess Nurse Jane has some of that, too," went on Sammie. "Since she and Uncle Wiggily came to live with us we have dished things to eat."

So, having finished their lessons in the hollow stump school, where they were taught by the lady mouse, Sammie, Billie and Johnnie hurried off to find the cave the rabbit chaps had told about. But first they went to the underground buttermilk where the Littleball family lived.

"Please, we want something to eat," Nurse Jane, spoke up Sammie, politely.

"Lady sakes! Seems to me you boys do nothing but eat!" laughed Uncle Wiggily, the muskrat, lady housekeeper. But she gave the three chaps some nut marmalade sandwiches and some slices of lettuce jam with carrot bread spread on the outside, and soon the three animal boys were on their way to the cave.

Just as Sammie had said, it was a big hole in the snow covered side of a hill. The rabbit chaps and the two squirrels crawled in and found it a big, warm place. They were used to digging around in underground caves, for sometimes squirrels have nests under the earth, as well as up in trees, so Billie and Johnnie felt very much at home.

"Now we'll make believe we're camping out here, and we'll eat the good things Nurse Jane gave us," said Sammie.

"And we'll pretend there's robbers and Indians and pirates and all that kind of stuff outside the cave," spoke Johnnie. So the three friends ate the good things Nurse Jane had given them, and then they pretended they were soldiers and hunters and trappers and such chaps as that, when, all of a sudden Billie said:

Mildred Marshall

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I hurried down to dig you out. I thought you'd be smothered."

"And we thought you were the Pin the Skoe or the Alligator," laughed Sammie. "I'm afraid you sometime!"

"So are we," chattered Billie and Johnnie. Then the bunny gentleman and the boys went to play in caves any more, and they said they wouldn't, and they went home. And if the jumping Jack doesn't try to tickle the goldfish with the hair brush and make it splash condensed milk on the toast, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and Sammie's teddie.

When a man mutters, "Just one more!" in his sleep, nowadays, his wife wishes Freud were around to tell her whether he is dreaming of a forbidden drink or a forbidden kiss.

A little sagacity, a lot of audacity and infinite pertinacity make the winning easy for a man in the love game.

COULDN'T TELL.

"Ah, waiter, tell me, are oysters good?"

"The ones I ate were, mister, but I don't know how you're going to tell whether or not one oyster is good by eating another."

Widow-Cisms

BY HELEN ROWLAND.

A frivolous woman with plenty of money and nothing to do must have either a toy dog or a tame cat to play with. Husbands can take their choice.

The kind of woman that fascinates a man is one from whom he is never sure whether to expect sugar, lemon, or ginger with her next remark.

BRINGING UP FATHER—By George McManus

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JERRY: DO YOU REMEMBER THE DAY YOU WUZ MARRIED?

DO I? HOLY MACKEREL—I WISH I COULD FORGET IT!

I KIN SEE YOU NOW LEADIN' HER TO THE ALTAR!

YES AN' THERE MY LEADERSHIP ENDED!

HOW HAPPY SHE WAS WHEN YOU STARTED ON YOUR HONEY MOON!

THAT WASN'T A HONEY MOON!

IT TURNED OUT TO BE A LECTURE TOUR!

LITTLE MARY MIXUP—Wait Till He Tackles Dad's Golf Cap

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MEANING PRETTY PRETTY

NO-NO-NO! DADY MUST NT EAT HAT!

OH-MOM! BROTHER LIKES YOUR NEW HAT

I'M GLAD HE APPROVES

HE ACTS LIKE IT'S THE NICEST HAT HE EVER TASTED!

JOE'S CAR—Looks More Like Joe Got the Lil' Surprise

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DAWNING LIT, HERE'S WHERE I GESS A LIL' SURPRISE TO TH' GOOD WIFE!

WELL GEE, WHY AIN'T IT A GOOD COAT? IT'S FOR TH' CAR—NICE AN' LOOSE—LEAVES MY ARMS FREE T' DRIVE AN' EVERYTHIN'!

YOU LOOK LIKE A BROOM STICK DONE UP IN A GUNNY SACK!

YOU HAVEN'T MUCH OF A SHAPE ANYWAY, SO I DON'T SUPPOSE IT MAKES MUCH DIFFERENCE!

I SUPPOSE YOU THINK AN OVERSIZE COAT'LL MAKE YOU LOOK LIKE JACK DEMPSEY, EH?

THOSE STYLES ARE FINE FOR STRAPPING YOUNG ATHLETES, JOE—BUT REALLY—

I SHOULD THINK YOU WOULD BUY A GARMENT MORE SUITED TO YOUR AGE AND FIGURE!!

Women of Today

IS THIS TRUE?

"Of what use is it if Americans have so much money if they don't know how to live?"

This sarcastic query was put by Mlle. Suzanne Ballard, a noted French writer, who is now in New York, en route around the globe.

Your country is what you call "reckless" in its boy's education. Always there, recently, you buy such ugly things with it.

"You have such rude noises that penetrate everywhere, and people push and scurry so in their rush to reach a place first."

"One of the fundamentals that we neglect in a boy's education, according to Mlle. Ballard, is our lack of stress on the importance of little attentions to women, and later in life we can a harvest of barbarians, who crowd and push and refuse to give up their seats in the subway."

Mlle. Ballard continued: "Your women buy such wonderful clothes and furs and jewels, but they have no personality in their dressing. Always there is something wrong with the ensemble."

So this is what a French woman thinks about us.

In spite of these few things with which she takes serious issue, Mlle. Ballard is having a most interesting time in New York and is enthusiastic over the kindness and hospitality of Americans.

Home furnishings of the Marquis de Sade consist of two or three mats on which the occupants sleep.